### Four Little Children Here You See

### This poem was created in support of Prudence Crandall, who faced great opposition when she founded a school for African American girls in 1833. Read these lyrics and see if you can figure out what happened.

Four little children here you see   
In modest dress appear.  
Come listen to our song so sweet   
And our complaints you'll hear.

'Tis here we came to learn to read   
And write and cipher too.  
But some in this enlightened land   
Declare 'twill never do.

The morals of this favored town  
Will be corrupted soon.  
Therefore they strive with all their might   
To drive us from our home.

Sometimes when we have walked the streets  
Saluted we have been  
By guns and drums and cow bells, too   
And horns of polished tin.

With warnings, threats, and words severe  
They visit us at times  
And gladly would they send us off  
To Africa's burning climes.

Our teacher too they put in jail   
Fast held by bars and locks!  
Did ere such persecution reign  
Since Paul was in the stocks?

But we forgive, forgive the men  
That persecute us so  
May God in mercy save their souls   
From everlasting woe!

More information available from the book, *Prudence Crandall, Woman of* *Courage* by Elizabeth Yates. It is digitally available from the University of Pennsylvania’s digital library site: <http://digital.library.upenn.edu/women/yates/crandall/crandall.html>